

Integral Process

**Selected & Recent Poetry and
Prose, 1994-2014**

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Selected Poems & Prose

The following fourteen poems originally appeared in the following magazines and journals: *Big Bridge 16* (*NeoSurrealism*); *Counterexample Poetics*; *E.ratio*; *Mad Hat Lit*; *Otoliths*; *Shadows of the Future* (*Otherstream/Argotist anthology*); and *Perihelion*. They can also be found in my two poetry collections *Pellucid Inferno* and *Tertium Quid*. All other selections are taken from the indicated books written over the last two decades.

Fourteen Poems (2011-13)

Autopoesis (Big Bridge 16)

Hot Stirrings (Big Bridge 16)

I etc (Big Bridge 16)

"the distance between forths" (E.ratio)

Semi-So (Counterexample Poetics)

Shaniko (Perihelion)

Tools, Food, Shelter, Light (Perihelion)

Lucky Terrains (Otherstream anthology)

Journey to the Impossible (Otherstream anthology)

Ars Symbolica (Otherstream anthology)

Chez Lunatique (Mad Hat)

Late Momentums (Otoliths)

Sum Anticdotes (Otoliths)

Determined Mists of Holy Insurrection (Mad Hat)

from *The Beige Book* (2014)

Pages 22-24, 36-41, 60-63

from *A Western Exile* (2011)

Plastic Mysticism

Can't Walk Straight

**from *Dropping the Walls for a Tenuous Linkage*
(2011)**

Finding Center

Daft Raptures

Litany of Lament

A Distant Ekstasis

from *Parataxis* (2008)

From Homer to Hollywood

Beyond, the burning

The Marvelous

Last Days

Too Early

Phantoms Conversing

The Bird is a Word

An Odd Mind

Mea Culpa Non Est

from *The Cloud Reckoner* (2007)

Preamble for an Unknown Revisioning

A History of My Reprieves

On the 5th Reading of Coolidge's Sound as Thought

Private Moments

Pogonip

Long Ridge

Fatal Reprieve

from *Triune Override Tractatus* (1997)

Triune Infusoria

The Rando Tractatus

from *Roxis* (1995)

Oil of Autonomy

from *Rouge Aurora* (1994)

Various Phrases

***Recent Poems* (2014)**

Street Level Mode

The Art of Mortality

Aurora Breaking

Philistine Meal Ticket

When Space Dislikes You

Acclaim Will Have to Wait

Walking is Its Own Mythology

Terra Gnomics

Vernacular Hands

Indigenous Spit

Troubled Apparel

A Failure to Blur

All Purpose Fool

Calibrating the Unsaid

Collage is Deliberate Ambiguity

Transcendental Snark

Skin

Spontaneous Rifts

Credible Grit

Doing Closure

Autopoesis

As these ashes of mine have been prepaid
A clearance for takeoff could be imminent
Even with recalling that one day I tried
Swimming out to the near edge of infinity
But found that horizon was way too dark

So then I decided to try on
The “fidelity of salt” (LD Cervantes)
But this slow & tired brain of mine
Began to swell up, much more so than
Taking swigs from lightning in a bottle

So this heap of instants made to squint by
Became the fresh daylight that reflected fate
For those golden visions of Empedocles
Continued to gather light from the far afterworlds
Truly those very same ones out beyond the stars

By this gnosis intake & a glossolalia outtake
Any allure of brazen litanies encourage
Plenty more shedding of encaustic content
Just so the sculpting of shadows may proceed
& the unknown spirits can keep closing in

Hot Stirrings

These hands are crying today
What with this toxic feral hum
That dubs all the deranged
Octaves of silence
While shredding the bliss of lizards

The shame that befalls us
After the transgress of boundaries
Or the unrealities that might emerge
Like this seeing you in so many dreams
Only if our passion engine keeps afiring

Right now tho the desolation echoes
Percolate through these neurotransmitted
Acedia-impregnated hours of mine &
Since EVERYTHING rhymes with disgust there is
The draw of the desert & these wayward days of rush

I etc

I move like thrown shadows
Surfing the heat waves
Off this daily mirage of mine

I duly sound the fathoms
In pursuit of ancient collateral
& certainly don't expect any
Amends that will never arrive

I cluelessly stand in the way
While the whole mountain
Gets loose & comes down

I percolate the gratitudes
While revisiting the chase
This as the twilight slides in
On its evening downhill run

I bark away at phantoms
Walking on the hard roads
Towards enlightenment

I study the pathos of forms
Along the border of bathos
As it rises under the bitter irony

I still wait for my ship
To yet arrive, even as
The dock slowly rots away

I surreptitiously inhabit
Only the palatial ruins
Of former wilderness areas

I worship the residue of clouds
On these inelegant days
Filled with atmosphere's unrest

I rip on the blasphemers
Who juice the social unrest
While these rare days roil on

"the distance between forths"

Blistering daylight smacks of trouble down the road We bear the tensions of disheveled ephemera & rusted out relationships Approved validity rages forth qua lucidity We cheat the wind of its brilliance While carrying the burden of each other's eyes Memory's chokepoints aggravate our destiny our pushbacks our sloppy precisions Once we had that crystal facet of degenerate love When lying was the primary symptom between us Our connected fusion became increasingly tertiary The nakedness between us upheld our primordial entertainments Even as the evening light was never tainted by those rough winds The final sundown burnt our lashes with big drops of impending night Afterwards our homebodied DNA shone through the desired majesties of midnight A passionate osmosis offset our ambiguous hopes & then there fell the lucid silence Heavily punctuated by various degrees of gravity and sobs ...

Semi-So

Obscure practices make the man
By a simulacra of metaphoric shorthand

Then it comes down to chewing
At the edges of a bloody night
To limit the loss in the least late hours

The thought occurs that only in Hollywood
Do the stars never align

Shaniko

Set down here
In a semi-arid landscape
This ghost town where
Twelve ghosts still live
As the post office stays open
Two hours a day apparently

This place was named after
Some corrupted version
Of a long dead German pioneer
He who first passed this way
With intent to set up a gold camp

Viewpoints of the far distant
Cascade peaks capped in snow
This far way station in lost time
On this staged enigmatic frontier
This western vantage that is the
Portal to this evening's fiery sky

This place was all about
Wool wheat cattle & gold
Commodities that funded
A place where medicine
Had to arrive by horseback

As travelers we now proceed
Southbound on Highway 97
& make that 90 degree turn
Into the western horizon

Driving straight into the blazing sun
That turns into a hallucinatory sky

& holy hell, it's damn near enough
To make you want to buy the place ...

Tools, Food, Shelter, Light

Since it all comes down to food & light
We should really be of the same religion
Even if banal crimes get committed
For the sake of future human survival
Or end up looking like some kind of
Weird breakfast phenomenology
Spread helter-skelter across
Linoleum covered tables in an
Anonymous All Night Diner

But this living on the streets
Requires its own curriculum
A stern one of simple living
Even with a multitude of detours
One can still eat clean & yet
Live in the dirt if need be
By striving to reclaim the ground
Of a higher allegiance to light

One grinds through the daily routines
As if stuck on a duct tape trampoline
A shedding of clothes & wrong personas
Implements a refresh of restore points
Replete with plenty of edgy street lyrics
& a playbook with tons of successful failure

Further falls from favor make me feel
Like I'm some kind of Bozo punching bag
This running risky by running dangerous
Somedays by being only half engaged
With this drowning in the high and dry
The druthers of need tend to get unhinged

Survival around here can be an endeavor
That tends to be
Mighty hard on the equipment

Lucky Terrains

Still trying to saddle up the right horse here Hoss
All this head-butting going on in a push-down world
While the daily assemblage of the struggle continues
These dubious take-home points now equal zero
& barking at the wrong rain just ends in further futility
Yet, & inexplicably so, I continue to keep it going
& just may be the luckiest man on the Left Coast

Journey to the Impossible

Seizing the moon with the teeth
The cure for existence is achieved
By mostly doing pretty much nothing

Even as the pundits tell us
It's good for the equilibrium
To reintroduce yourself to yourself

Yet this continuous loitering of mine
Is much harder than it first appears
Under these afternoon lizard winds

That is, living this life in semi-exile
Where even the evolving gods
Would probably get kind of lonely

Ars Symbolica

Trawling for symbols through unconscious days
Sitting in an inner garden of opaque perspectives
Finding instances of futurity in symbolic shorthand
These shadings of symbol abound in stark imagery
In an internal dialectic of mostly bipolar tensioning

Just as clouds should be interpreted
As symbolic messengers (Bachelard)
As condensed meanings in elliptic association
One also needs to enter the arcane terrains
In order to become bound by their secrets

Chez Lunatique

Fresh visits to Chez Lunatique, this destiny spot which lurks somewhere in the ruins of unread leaves, where the reach usually exceeds the grasp, in this wayward world of tenuous boundaries, this whirled work done in the complicated shadows, by absorbing various influences of ambient lunatic fashion, with vague partners in ambiguity serving as angles of collateral light, only to then fall back upon a unique inventory of scars; and, by some duly diligent promiscuous thinkings, we might get internal teardowns on fresh errors like you've never seen before, even as we look rough while talking polished, this only done through transparently rewriting ourselves, referencing all that is not-so-obvious by a revived focus made fast and furious, done as we watch the language bleed next to where the shadows intersect, only to smell a blue silence under this fastly fading archaic sky ...

Late Momentums

Not rocked by defeat, even with multiple mistakes made, this old fangled yet freshly mangled guy endures any possible collapse, yet deflects much inanity with a firm resolve to proceed, akin to the intrepid initiative of weeds in the sidewalks; thereby wondering why essential dignities get ignored, while certain indignities get highlighted, although I must say this narrative is not strictly some kind of memoir, nor is it an unscripted fairy tale; nor is it about the wreckage of lost expeditions, or some compelling history of chutzpah; nor is it easier than eating a pear by moonlight, or all about averting the narrow windows of tragedy; no, but this *is* about the strengthening presence of autumnal storm clouds, about the up-ahead liquid light of visions, and finally, about making peace with your territory, even if it might be twenty years too late ...

Sum Anticdotes

She had sent him postcards of melting glaciers in Kashmir, and sunsets in Antarctica, while the transiting of Venus continued out in the far western nights; they began with the odds, but not the chances, as the passion had flared and failed, even as his first offering to her was only the illusion of himself; they had hoped the desire did not involve an unexpected trainwreck, but apparently it did, as her eyes were full of future mirages; an emulsion of love and suffering ensued as they did their desultory traipse through the blue echoes of their intrapersonal ruins; but, the flirtatious overlays started going rancid, and then the DNA began to get unfaithful as the suspicious atmosphere burned around them; & sure enough, the union began to show signs of uncivility, in that which was formerly the adhesive, until there were thermonuclear meltdowns during those last twilights; they did sail on through the disputed waters, stealing the days by defaulting to the secretive ways of their last stands, she with shopping-enabled processes, him with frantic short-selling to cover it all, and certainly, it all did go painfully awry after they had sown those careless seeds of such fertile chaos ...

Determined Mists of Holy Insurrection

Coded for striving by the laws of inner direction, or a yearning for a stoic-fire life, by this sleeping through the labyrinthine shadows, through the dawns of solitary torment, through the snarling syntax of indigenous fires, coming by way of a devotion to a “holy insurrection” of poetic effusion, either implied or oblique; the poet as seer, and/or philosopher, radiates juxtaposed allusions and tart cynicism, bewitched by visits from translunar beings perhaps, with the hope that the poetic material created will transcend its material, in spite of a plethora of bad scribblings that bear the unknown costs of much infertile mortality and imbecilic dosages of quotidian life; also, found throughout the archetypes of fire, water, and light, strange poetry gets synthesized in the “poeticsphere”, many of the images coming from ancestral root fires (Bachelard), from archaic dreams, and perhaps from the eloquent stammers of melancholy gods; this tends to occur because the imagination’s development is done through the synthesis of contradictions, that is, through a freezing fire found in one’s individual metaphoric alchemy ...

from *The Beige Book* (2014)

since “We must *will* the courage to shift our destinies”, by angles of incidence and opacity, at times finding yourself in a place where no one can save you but yourself, one’s deeds become that individual fate, as the distance of memory arises from its faded

edges, but also not forgetting that becoming is born from struggle, while the stars fade out like burning fog lifting off an OBSIDIAN MIRROR, moving into hidden dimensions and the sky gathering further fierce beauty while opacity translucates into incidental light,

across a threshold of shadows laying across a complex of nothingness, as if eternity might be thought of as duration without succession, while time sets up housekeeping for its expected residents Irony and Paradox, while the poets dwell in their individual fires of

ekstasis, some creating fresh imagery in elliptic associations by awakening a SYNTAX OF METAPHORS, some through geomantic resonance, some by using dark talismans found in the shamanic mists, they play around with igneous vapor as their tongues flame away,

their at-times obscure sublimity crossing the abyss of allusions, the cadence of their plighted words inevitable, the creative material piled up from God knows where, “I’m only here to chronicle the times” they insist, but then, betrayed by unfamiliar words, they are

tempted to ransack the past, they season their language with uncommon invectives, a wing, a prayer, and even some continuity thrown into the mix, along with some collateral SYMPTOMATICA used to open up the sentences, with poetic creation being the hardest

thing to achieve it seems, helped by dreaming the seeds of the world while awake though, onward through the mental weight of life's burdens, these doings of poetry can act as a synthesizing force, composed by vague fragments and mineralized dreams, as

they pass through hypnotic actions and the melancholy tonalities of late nocturnal fires, since "Fire becomes the only solution" through any dreaming full of ancient memories, revealing far terrains only vicariously traveled, since we arrive from

strangeness as we depart for the unfamiliar ...

since it is better to suffer than to do evil (according to Socrates), all of us having to bust through the muck of human illusions, and the silt of buried memories, beyond the portals of oblivion that permit passage of grim destiny,
with a cast of heroes FROM BEOWULF

TO BUBBA, those whose fathers were often workers in wood, the carpenters and sculptors, masters of their material, generating significance through angle and incidence, perhaps by a furthering of primitive-streaked culture technics, in places "Where the gods

gather", while the far horizons become eventual edges of imagined skies, the hidden dimensions beyond the earth veil mortared by the alchemy of changing lives, patterned in elliptic associations, by way of proceeding through the ordeals of the labyrinth, any

collateral prayers seeking a trajectory of transmutation to counter TIME'S BETRAYALS, perhaps questing for the hermetic and obscure stances in an annihilation of the distances,

traversing a light of becoming with palpable narrations scribed,
some filled with

acerbic and intense allusions, broken images, jagged echoes,
twisted segments, staccato juxtaposes, “from the ridiculous to the
sublime” mystical cynicism, acrid disdain, vigorous carnality,
rough persiflage,
all this possibly indicated by a gutsy life bound by

disparate activity streams, where NUANCES BECOME EDGES at
the juncture of critical moments, or even at the *whatever* level,
the poet seeking the rare image like a heat-sensing viper, even
with throwing around some serious fire, at times found in a

colored glass bottle, or a re-inhabiting the future through dreams
of furthest terrain, through forgotten flames, through the
synthesizing force of resonance, the poetic images seeding the
world with fresh imagery via new language,
some poems composed through

a hybrid montage of fragments, the metaphors compressed, then
ignited, the methods elliptical, then oscillating, some specializing
in eroticisms, some by paraphrasing various echoes, in a
GENERATING COVER THROUGH DREAM MECHANISMS,
even by using

the method of scatter towards a self-integration, that is, *in media
res* with some snazzy *savoir-faire* thrown into the mix, traversing
the at times terrible unity of all things, persisting on through the
midst of the daily carnage, pressing on, at all times tutored by

the silences, but also not grieving for what does *not* come, by looking for spiritual fulfillment perhaps, either with or w/o the cult implements, some desiring to “Take back the night in order to feed the day”, with a sidestepping of window dressings and fallacious

appearances, to muster the strength to absorb any adversity, to break through such inherent nonsense that sovereignly prevails, by holding on to the painful grounds at times, “HEY, WHAT’S THE BILL FOR THIS TRAINWRECK?”, where the hauteur eyebrows

plague the magazine covers, where prima donnas slut it up before heading off to rehab, where maybe they can get a credential in personal hair science, this perhaps indicating that “This is what happens when scrappage exceeds purchases”, and the urban

runabouts look around for some pick-up work via nearly nude promo tours, where they are asked to make pre-orgasm noises on stage in erratic and contrived performance mode, the process all seemingly unabashed, like picking up an inevitable disease while

passing through some transient place, it then developing that various DEGREES OF INDIVIDUAL INERTIA continue to punctuate the struggles, where tons of cathartic weeping just might taint the power lunch sessions, worse at times than drunks playing

with fire along busted roads, or the high speed El Supremos who try to kill off the pages, “Better get a move on it Holmes”, the hired guns keep probing the privates (for dented dollars), and pivotal declines come complete with embarrassment when, in rebuke, the

stories told tend to get neutered, indicating that they may be RIPE BUT NOT ROTTEN, like pearls of aberration full of bastard analogy, aimless dilution, corrupt attributes, pages of error, shrill

rhetoric, high modifiers, naughty compositions, trendy
dilletantisms,

revisionist nonsense, urgency notes, all pretty much a cornucopia
of squat, then there's the delivery issues such as "Tap my wires
and I'll tell you what!", some situations akin to nailing Jello to a
tree, or when the other party abruptly leaves the conversation,
or when

one tries to untangle vague manifestos fraught with weird lingo,
with the FLING FLUNG FLANG of foisted foibles, full of
flagrantly fulgent fun even, like hanging out with the rhinestone
girls at atheist happy hours,
where they conversationally spray more gasoline

on the current controversies, the imbalanced personal equations
tending toward odd unions, and since your happiness is now
recorded on a distant server somewhere, yet foraging for a living
is now making a huge comeback,
while the empty wallets await some

fresh cache, "We're heading for where the road runs out", the day
walking people who must continuously adjust their loose
equipment, and as some still TRAWL FOR A RARE
CONSENSUS,
while others are still getting gored upon the horns of unexpected

dilemmas, such as economic incarcerations sponsored by vile
people who should be deleted from the gene pool, and some may
ask what the blue book value on all this collective pain might be,
"since we seem to have missed the meaning of our adult income

potential”, or something to that effect, like being ruled by some grim fate, each day awaiting the bread of morning to appear, oblivious to any future remorse, as one deals the cards back into the deck, where loss becomes another word for irony, as the gods

who take their vacations (only to plot more doom?), PUSH THE CLOUDS along with wind chatter and air songs, towards an unknown home involving temporary exile, all their goodbyes only interim as long as the earthlings still remain galactic refugees, and

mind-body translations may have nothing to do with the former Singularity (now debunked), as indicated by expressions such as “Shouting is not TRUE knowledge!”, although the black holes yet be found will be portals to zones of broken relativity, most

excellently found upon the the far flung terraqueous worlds, where Mystery synthesizes into further mystery, *that* which determines the contours of lines and spirals, as the HAND OF ETERNITY IS EVERYWHERE, and the courts of enigma are always in session ...

if one’s deeds become their destiny, one is invited to create in an imaginative way, by furthering the horizons of possibility, to even DROP THE PARADOX AND REAP THE IRONY, akin to playing the wild card of danger, since the world works through opposition,

and just as romantic love is a double projection which occurs between those afflicted by it, love based upon physical beauty alone is not real love either, even if the questions remain as to what kind of images love ends up producing, and this would be the part

where the poets come in, as “the poem is the realization of love” (Char), with poetry creating resonant images, sometimes beginning as fragments in a mess of strange language, or in unalloyed intuitions, with metaphor being used as a discursive tool of

synthetic *poeisis*, processed instances of THINGS LOOKING FOR WORDS, where the metaphors act as differential screws in the elevation of language, providing rare refreshment for the inner life, besieged as it is with all this modern prittle-prattle and

fighting with shadows, “Basically delivering more heat than light”, this language-use occurring when poetry juxtaposes words to generate significance, in dissimilar ways and through oblique angles, and by a derealization of the familiar through ellipsis and

compression, or perhaps through a magneto of vatic incantations, or by using ascensional symbolism in apt communication with the sky, or else in TOUCHING THE NIGHT WITH CROSS-FERTILITY, which might provide enough horsepower for the turbine

of poem creation, by numerous pen strokes and other means of recording reality, “Writers, prepare to grind”, all through the bottled afternoons and unsettled litigation weather, with a goal to synthesize experience into a constellating unity, a gleaning of

fragments by VENERATING THE GRIT, under the fabled stars, our far measure of time, with a hope the scribbled work will prevail while monotones veil the monotony, the daily Real reeling and drunk with tattered space and depraved twilights, maybe with the

cinnabar blood of corrupted prayers thrown into the mix, while
rough hewn winds put gravity down to bed, “Change has its own
anatomy”, immersed in baths of fiery water, through EVENTS
LOADED WITH DURING,
as one might have to sift through solutions

that are macro to the problems, by chewing through rivers of
data, through touch-based tomorrows, maybe by scrounging up
some details while screaming for specifics, as fatigue from the
Idiot Screen indicates a necessary hiatus,
per “Don’t feed what you don’t need” ...

from *A Western Exile* (2011)

Sitting here through the downtime
Just before the meteor hits
A hiding-out in plain sight
The perseverance of flowers
Vouchsafes any pending
Override of futile hours

Yet why would I know
the Why of What?
As the gusty wind creaks
It's blustery bones tonight
The Other One remains
A mine-filled terrain
Loaded with detonation threats
Crossing a fatal purity perhaps

Any hesitation towards intimacy
Involves its own algebraic sums
Replete with a thirst for the Unsayable
How this fire drains from the evening
As another solitary owl spreads
Her wings against the gloaming

Upon the unconscious grounds
That murmur with The Marvelous
This is when the newly fresh sky
Appears bluest after a late snow
By the upholding of a receding sky
Where clouds allow for emancipation

This staying-alive impulse serves me well
Under a taut cadence of coiled winds
& this thirst for a smoother future
Keeps sending the past downstream

However I make do with any salvaged inventory
& former imprints left against the pesky undoings
During this itinerant survival phase I'm in
I haul the necessary water & provisions daily
Yet why would I even know the What of Wherefore?

Something reminded us of driving all night
Towards an always receding destination
What mostly upheld that receding sky
Were clouds that were *not* emancipated
Thus, there was nothing left about us
That tended towards the optimal

We became speechless under
That never ending sky while
Our shadows no longer cast
The umbras of dubious identity
Whereby validations of the strange
Achieved a fluidity under that last sky

from *Dropping the Walls for a Tenuous Linkage* (2011)

Finding Center

On those rare full nights
When the brightest of moons
Follows me through a dark forest
Some displacement of moments
Transfigures all that is lacking ...

“The mirror of the phoenix”
Arises through a nocturnal gateway
From whence & wherever we came
Twilight needing neither
Sequel nor antidote to prevail ...

The known becoming known
By means of the more unknown
All conclusions based upon silence

Any faith based on word-fire
Stacks up the imagery
Like a tower of stones ...

Daft Raptures

Under first light, we broke for cover
Leaving behind our meager rations ...
The gourd resonators powered us on,
While the totemic winds, that sinew power
Of the ancients, straightened our course ...

The moon tonight becomes a crescent bone,
As the metaphorics lurk & loom but do not evade ...
We map the wind with flights of solitary feathers,
No mouthpiece is needed as the unconscious speaks,
The whole point being, amazingly, that there is none ...

Our undistilled faith dared to be naive ...
That is, days of latent evil might emerge
To field test any providential stance ...
Evolution's fervor could then be embedded
With the collateral liens of infant deities ...

Happiness continued to be unmoved
By the hypotenuse of salty fires ...
The raw splendor of a recondite wasteland
Flared off the burning of strange symbols ...

The durations got abandoned here
At the precipice of western extremity ...
Mingling chance, the determiner of happenings,
With mantic mojo written in a future book of days ...

& that grammar of future days is not possible
Without the clashing of forces & ideas ...
That is, without some rough texture of turmoil
By the ignition lag of original vernacular ...

Darker than oxblood was the morning sky
As days of acedia accelerated to weeks ...
Our puny understandings began
The default towards further muddle ...

Litany of Lament

I lament the hushed clarion of your long delayed leaving ...
& certainly, I do lament the intractable dumbness
That has extinguished all our better chances ...
I lament that it's not the same, never will be the same,
& yet it's the same as it's always been ...

Likewise I lament you not having leapt into my waiting arms
When that moment presented itself but you declined the invite ...
So now, also, I lament the closed, the unclosed, and the
should-be-closed storefronts of your insufferable indifference ...

I daily lament this tidal fatigue as it washes over & over me ...
I lament the forlorn sax notes as they vacantly haunt
The hot afternoons filled with this crippled future ...
Even as I lament the royal orgasm of queens, with their
Masturbations twined in sedative delight & the shine of shame ...

I truly lament that pain is a necessary ingredient for the soul
As it contends with the contradictions of hypocrites, even as they
Become consumed by the flames of their own self-
aggrandizements ...
Lamentably do I lament all future apologies that bear no weight
In the cold undone work that likely is still gestating ...

I lament that our gestures have become so dulled
By the cliched frequencies of our troubled natures ...
Palpably do I lament the hands of pretentious practitioners
While I also lament my colorblind dreams, even as they
Do not prepare me for a cruel absorption of life's hot mash ...

I lament my pursuit of meager benefits devoid of resource
While justifiably lamenting the mindless drones who insist
That they must pester others in order to justify their own living ...

I lament my incomprehension of the notion “blind justice” even
as

I also lament agenda-mongers who insist their actions are in
No way an example of a pimple on a donkey’s ass ...
I lament the silly notion that there are edges to the galaxies ...

Yet I also lament that many dubious facts make for deluded days,
Such as insouciant homeboys who cruise by on hot afternoons,
Giving & getting what they claim they have coming to them ...
Then too I lament the gravid fakes who foist the raw hypocrisy
That continuously damns the false lives of the hoodwinked ...

I do lament that the ground zero of our future collective well
being
Has not, and most probably will not, ever be honestly declared ...
I sadly lament that what was formerly noble is now pretty ragged ...
& I also lament that all these modern testimonies to success
Are indicative of having accomplished so very little ...

I really lament the drivel found in surface encounters, the ones
That continue to impact or impair our remaining self-respect ...
I lament that everyday perceptions of time are accelerating,
Even as all my blood tests have come back clear & clean ...
but I also lament those times that my breath was *not* held ...

I lament the lack of interest in refurbishing the Constitution,
Replete with elements and axioms of individual choice ...
I lament the deep structures of her former presence,
Absent as they are in this neighborhood of ghosts ...
& then I lament what is not derivable from the sum of its parts
Must then be equal to or greater than any resulting whole ...

Taking full responsibility, I lament this inability to handle
Any form or manifestation that *might still* be functional ...
Yet I don’t lament my goal to make harmony in & with texts,

Irrespective of whatever happens during the intervals ...
& inexplicably do I lament former persons whose remains
Are now elsewhere, bound for unspecified destinations ...

Righteously do I lament so many derogatory implications,
Such as the false promulgations of wartime Ezra Pound ...
I indignantly lament all this fumbling around looking for a
center,
While what we need most at these times are more artifacts
Of silence to gainsay our firm rapture of hands ...

I lament having to step around the large steaming piles
Of scuttlebutt that greet me each & every morning ...
As I also lament wearing squeaky shoes on foggy mornings ...
& you bet I lament that way too much ambiguity
Is currently being misused as an inappropriate decoy device ...

So in conclusion do I lament that the failures of the Republic
Are mostly about not falling back for the desperation punts ...
I regrettably lament not letting my dormant strangeness
Emerge any earlier than it has ... & finally, I lament
That we devour Time just as it devours us ... Amen

A Distant Ekstasis

to the memory of Philip Lamantia

A distant ekstasis
Cloaks any rude semblance

In an oasis of shadows
The perils of the obvious lurk

One only hears the reflections
Through talismanic doings

A distant ekstasis
Is what brings on the smoke

By the working of metaphoric vertigo
A rare thunder occurs in the poems

Guarded by the sleep of sphinxes
Found in the full machinery of darkness

from *Parataxis* (2008)

From Homer to Hollywood

What of opaque things to come, swollen by fiery grace worthy sacrifice and all of that? - The work of fossil fires no longer valid, I write this for unknown gods and the breath of love - Any rush to complain should not deter - These hands of mine remain hidden for sufficient reasons, at times witnessed by those who fail to listen, while the earth keeps trembling beneath all this bumbling disorder, and the daily feeds remain all tangled up in derisive martyrdoms, from Homer to Hollywood, as the lurid rains continue to fall on this that & everything else ...

This syllabic initiative is now proof that doubts can work as a creative engine - While self-intimacy is a private labyrinth, these prose poems are like rooms without a door - Writing too can be a form of incarceration, as in : the tyranny of the blank page vs. a stoic determination to work something up - In one obscure life, a journey an oracle a book bursting the shell ready to sprout - By fiat of light, the troubles of this world are never any match for the devouring flames of poetry ...

Beyond, the burning

This morning, the terrain is burning in wind-whipped fury - The chaparral, just doing what it's done for millions of years, long before silly people arrived and staked their claim, right in the middle of the fire ecology - People talk of tragedy, and yet the real tragic part is the arrogant cluelessness that abounds ...

Backwinds gusting through the opulent privations, hard to tell what's been trampled and what will remain intact - All our inhabitations have been postponed, the neglected spaces now duly evacuated - Because smoke jolts the breath, the sky today is wild and opaque, with this neighboring mountain has disappeared into the fury of a half-century burn - After this inferno, the hot rocks will return to the cooling air - That is, only after the wind decides which domiciles get nailed ...

These full tilt furious fires should assassinate any further complacency - If you try to buck the immediate evidence, that will only fuck you up all the more - Sheltering up in the rough intervals, this weight-heavy dawn now lodges somewhere between my ears - & certainly any charge-offs related to this burning world only point out the necessary flee directions - While untouched by flame, yet consumed by consequence, it is your distant proximity that now recedes along with these fire winds ...

As this forest burns, an ancient bird prepares to arise - Smoke and fog combine alchemically in these Paleolithic evenings, loosening up the knot of dusk, the crepuscular lode - As if one more sunrise has been delayed while we await the vegetation's return ...

The Marvelous

Nothing comes as close to perfection as the lips of Athena, even if
myth is proportionate to what? - The vectors of Orpheus still call
out for further ekstasis - As the higher magics diffuse, revelations
happen in the intervals,
with proof embedded in new forms thereby emerging ...

The portents of soothsayers scribed upon their murmuring altars
- Their tranced testimonies resonate in hermetic gold, divining
the limits of (con)fusion as the words are uttered - Birds awaken
the prophecies in their restless motions,
a randomweave that lives in preservations of smoke ...

I rub my eyes endlessly as this intuition signals distant events in
far space - The synaptic leaps still boggle, while sudden smiles
remain the best of investments - For us modern primitives,
the surreal mind yet provides a notebook for The Marvelous ...

Last Days

Bulldogging through invincible moments, silver echoes pass right through me, weeping, laughing, it doesn't matter, I side-step the toxic chit-chat, my pervasive blind spot the self gift that keeps on giving, & poetry is a strategy not a game, can't remember the last time I actually felt translucent, with the deception of landscapes still resonating well, with hyperbole the sine qua non the meat & potatoes of all who captivate the chronically gullible such as I, if shake-the-booty is still the orphan of desire, then saxophone widows palm their terse memories, the mindless to & fro devoid of any motion, as the night crews get busy with fetish abatement, shadows swarm on in our nothing retentions as we run down the avenues, the arms folded in the last days of life of death, motions of hope fall into evening's demise as her fingers pierce me with demonic tenderness, this abdominal flinching of mine only confirming where the knife first went in ...

Too Early

Strains sift softly through an early rising - On a deserted street remains the light a painter inadvertently left behind - Under this marled morning sky, the link between worlds reconfigures - Distant roads become everyday streets as the years get logged as miles - Just the act of walking segues to a motion of jeopardy, a syntax waiting out any return to a sense of balance - Even voluptuous vulnerability no longer distracts - As a trembling strength fosters the day's questionable events, I realize I may finally own myself ...

Any talk of premature withdrawal disavows an appetite for risk, which by current standards is clearly obsessional - Attachments to illusion's continuance provide I-know-not-what comforts to the chained up and weary, this as the carbon-based menaces still terrorize the neighborhoods - Through the armpits of embrangled mornings, the single focus homeboys drive their motor chariots, their destination the headwaters of my daily reckoning ...

Phantoms Conversing

I drive north through the grandiose gestures of the dirt developers, aka The Big Men who shelter up their monsters in the back rooms - Now I am the road sailor navigating the shoals of contracting life, living through salubrious days but no longer bothering to work out the contingencies, the neon blaze of all this screaming irony no longer even *feeling* affordable ...

The vociferating infatuants rail on, this radio speaker pulsating with savage syllables, these proclaimed artificers so full of scripted scruples, any vagrant sympathy feeling sheer & murderous at times, but since survival is now a singular obsession, these waking hours are seized as insurance against more dubious weathers and/or indiscretions ...

This afternoon has an unforeseen event - Before me a former love passes and then stops - We amazingly exchange words and vatic fragments like two phantoms conversing ...

The Bird Is A Word

Sitting here at Nepenthe, this condor cruising by seems to conquer my vision - Such an awesome visual, more surprising than if Johnny Quest had just gone gliding past on his Roc - The sublimity of the bird's yard long primaries hold the ocean wind, with barely a movement to those wings - This majestic creature sweeps on towards the north, my gaping semblance stunned with awe ...

Birds and words, both carriers of premonition & the initiatives by lightning, invested with trance prospects over against the mundane adventures of men, both defying gravity's inexorable hold - To behold this spirit frontier triggers this sway over and through such exuberant life ...

This weekend's road trip to the South Coast has been a rejuvenating pause, a link-up over the astral waves with Hermes on his fifth millennial birthday - The immediate concern now is about re-entry to the dreadful daily sphere - Shrugging it off, I raise my glass and drink to further totemic wisdom ...

An Odd Mind

A poem in a testimony of waiting, as silence works well when it is a tension whim - Certainly it is time to ingest some more focus, perhaps from the deepest corners of the gypsy's voice - It does concern me, however, that doggerel has been going first class while authentic poetry gets stuck with going as freight ...

I kickstart the morning with a mixed grill of chopped smoke and former life - Twenty five cents extra for onions - My instincts continue to be my singular wealth, although I have been known to barter for toothpaste on an as-needed basis - Somehow these projected joys of mine will remain non-territorial ...

The business of ramble is whatever I make it to be, with hunger as my paycheck - The open road beckons with the rhapsodies of space as I break up light on the anvil of a strangely used language - Poetic impetus seals my emancipation as this odd mind yet awaits validation ...

Mea Culpa Non Est

My heart oozing pomegranate blood this Good Friday as the dwindling few continue to genuflect through the Nine Stations this afternoon - Blessings come from obedience was the scripted dogma washed through our brains in those days - Having now ditched the saints, my protection is sanctioned via this turquoise wafer I wear around my neck - Daily soliloquies emerge from these disjunctive babblings, tempered by just so much illusion/allusion ...

Underpinning the dribbling holy water was a fricative faith, the prayers mumbled out to the immaculate something or other, begot not begotten, the putrefaction of sanctity lip-synched through all the sacramental nonsense, solemn dogmatics fermented in so much priestly excrement - If the Vatican could steal the sunlight nowadays, believe me, it would be done as surely as Thy Kingdom Come ...

from *The Cloud Reckoner* (2007)

Preamble for an Unknown Revisioning

In the footfalls of omission
Lies the horizon of the Unsaid

Seize the river, grasp the last signifier
In the land of theory lie the burning books

This seeker looks for a working radius beyond
While sleeping in the spaces of necessary metaphor

If brought up short by the mundane exhaust
An inflection point becomes a pivot scenario

Within the classic Book of Western Lights
Death does not bear upon the lark songs

Then why this confederacy of “disintoxications”
In a glossy patina of extra dimensional intuition?

If then philosophical forensics exceed monk patience
There should be replete liturgies of irony & whatever

Shining epitaphs chiseled in drifted obscurity
As the perception unfolds in a pellucid opacity

The pulsings prefigure our quotidian scaffolds
By trending backbeats & charge-laden rhetoric

Between any froth and a significant becoming
Faith will always grant any series of reprieves

for Andrew Joron

A History of My Reprieves

Salvaging balance amidst the shadows of madness
Then a revisit to the melancholy lark of my youth

Intrepitide seems the only requirement now
After so many beginnings having gone awry

A strict avoidance of the parasitic matrix
By which my daily focus remains a mosaic

With this borrowing light from tomorrow
Faith distills itself out of each reprieve

Resisting inertias to find core resonation
All the deadbeat reaches are so traversed

Stutter-stepping right past the low grinders
Any leverage bespeaks a stanchion in place

Through various grammars of sex & money
One jumps out of the water and back into the fire

On the 5th Reading of Coolidge's *Sound as Thought*

In the key of upside, a high-test infradig
Livid mutterings in an oblique daft rapture

Experience is the grail of vested weights
Dreams, the flux agents on the bottom of boxes

The amplitude of growlers in a parameter of vapor
A bit of luminous rump just may be apocalyptic

The autumnal bluesky, so wayrageous, as it
Hatches the forms that revise the functions

An axiom launch cut from duration's loin
Flog now this morning stiff with dawn

Non sequitur lex is a code for furthering the obscure
It helps to dwell in the remote mists of a final image

Wake up now to that snake underfoot, & siphon
Those knockout drops from the pilgrim bottle

Private Moment

Breathless shadows
Work of shadows
The wind roams the last nights
Returning that which you gave

Songs of that lost year return again
Yet nothing turns without the music

Full of purple quotes
The foam of the Unsaid
As the word garden burgeons

Breath in the trees
This dance of springtime
Those faraway steps never taken

Restless ribbons of dreams
Feed the unknown so that
You can bring forth the future

Fire images from another time
Deftly shape the sound of pearls

By this work in light & shadow
Whose work manifests itself anyway?

Pogonip

The sea seen through the trees

The wind-creak of the ancient barn

This is a grey day too late to be false

The varnished landscape lies down below

Pungent woodsmoke that drifts on freely

The wind resonates with hermetic notes

The wet bay laurel smells of a warm winter

Mindfulness is a full anointing flame

The raven in the eyes holds up this season

Long Ridge

In this spring transition
Upheld by windy solitude,
Can there be a prevailing?

Traces of snow still linger
After a late March storm
The wind now slicing in
Hard under the western sky

This view from his bench:
It feels like Stegner never
Got off his horse & left us

Down below the weather
Hurries in through the Butano
Dark in the persistent shadows
The far west draped in light
As the sun breaks through briefly

I've been walking this terrain
For over forty years now
It's just me and the wildlife
Since everyone else is gone

But this Rambler keeps roaming
Humming along a wayfarer song
Even as the arthritic infrastructure
Is making it real tough to climb
Out of the canyons anymore

Clutching this freshly dropped antler
Death approaches me from behind

& the balance sheet of my days
Begins to stare me hard in the face ...

Fatal Reprieve

Yet sometimes I do wonder
About the patina of neglect

If through dark lucidity occurs
A deeply pragmatic gestation

I observe good motion in the soul
While imponderables get pursued

& if prayer is now the vehicle
Then accepting a fatal reprieve

May well be the best decision
I was never forced to make

from *Triune Override Tractatus* (1997)

Triune Infusoria

The acumen and the rebuke
Of zephyrs in the crimson twilight
Significant preflexions of mortal weather
Pattern up in this oblique brain ramble

How does this evening sky
With indigo fading by degrees
Enunciate the gains achieved
Through a cascade of former loss?

Like the whorl-fire in burls & seashells
This opening of glorious sky
Entails a further migration to light

In the hierarchy of fresh light
An azure blade of cold silence
Becomes new non-terrestrial prose

As the transcendental prefigures
All that becomes slowly visible
Images connect within a metaphoric galaxy

To poetize: Is to shatter boundaries
Is to carefully engineer hallucinations
Producing fragmented rapture
Most crucial to the “fire quest”

The captured fire is shunted into language
A poem born into a subpoena of becoming
“The poet is truly the thief of fire”

The Randomo Tractatus

Manhandle with thoroughness
Any impetus to an undertaking
Partial derivatives of intervening future
Will emanate without actually doing so

A disjunctive narrative stresses foolish heat
Within the structures of the deep-present
There can be no study of causes or emanations
Without the vital action of sacrifice

The ruse devices of man tend to offer
Further disalignment of the previously askew
The chop logic factors as alternatives to variation
The raddled punctuation full of controls & dials

With an ignition lag faster than presto
Crypto-life outtakes necessary for survival
By de-emphasizing forms in which images fail
You are encouraged to exit the dream @ X

Exhorting ablatives on purpose as in the ratio
Between the doldrums & any ardent pursuit
To extract a manifest upon a spur of happening
Seize the intention riven from all else

Luciferian legacies of recombinant light
Set out against the terraced darkness
Within the apprenticeship of morning
Lie many fables of dust & dissonance

In a requiem of last gloaming
With stardust lodged in the brain
& the odor of heliotrope still wafting
The day slides into a final coagulation

As if the heart were bathed in reciprocity
Or engagements linked by suave plunder
To muster survival in the daily anarchy
One must treat obliquity with respect

Subdominant to any action tonic
Are the tantric rites of augured potion
In waves of emptiness, a precession
Launched like one's last exile in autumn

Culture traits of repressive desires
Cycloid personas amped up on rocket fuel
Like gone beings impaled upon bad ideology
Ripe to be defenestrated through a judas window

Restive imaginings in an airbrushed cauterwaul
Suggestive of irritable protoplasmic twitchings
As the lady pharoahs in upscale henna makeovers
Show more neurotic process being cleared for takeoff

Lowbrow tastes feeding upon the anti-realisms
Per breeding experiments in need of filibuster
The percolating insanities of the Other indicate
More friction retard per our obscure evolution

Fast-forwarded architectures poised as
Rude monoliths of prehistoric debris
Self-actualization emporiums provide a toxic shock
Roughly approximate to vulgar oxidation

To determine the content of a breath
Administer rites of spontaneous coming
In the disposition of given circumstances
& the extinction of the drone homage

from *Roxis* (1995)

The Oil of Autonomy

Hope is reappearing
Among the embolisms of neglect.
Today, my salary is null,
The future agape.

Once more between exiles,
This afternoon heat makes me vague.
Tertiary matters enough to
Sate any disgrace.

With native code enabled,
how does your vibe rate?
& upon the authority
Of your face alone,
Are we able to calculate
The fractions of experience?

Or why this litany of malefactions
Under a cold rain of ruin?
Pissarios of pathos falling like
Ciphured teats of bitch fire.
Meanwhile the demise of limp lucre
Requires no forensics, no autopsy.

In the discontented dog days
Of our fallen ground, shall we
Call upon our "soul plasma"
For further intuitive direction?

O Father of Fools, why this
Life of salt stung eyes, spinal ratchets,
Bug swats, and too much redundancy?

Sip the paste of resistance while
Participating in vaporous action.

By the heft of emotive life:
Sometimes it's more toxic
Than the oil of scorpions.
Under a paisley storm of soul pumice,
Mortal outtakes across a dark leap.

In what ways are we becoming
Augmented by our incomprehensions?
Will we need to double down
On the sustainables while
Venus gets an assist in the Wish House?

As the maidens come ashore
Their nubility seems palpably mystical.
Perhaps this could be about
Syntegrations of local evolution.
Under the diamond lights of rare elation.

Is not nature's aim tantamount
To sharing the bone? Since the
Plasma of pleasure is evolution's
Little ploy, we surrender to
Sacral Eros and Venusian Nectars.

Should we also believe in the
Anxious breast and the loose change
Of our daily contradictions?
The tenderloin grace of haunch tremolo
Has become a gossamer obsession.

Then there is a tinder whim soaked

In acrylic sweetbriar. And the ambient work
of indigo copulations done with the ardor
of parched waters. Only after detuning
the trivial coefficients of our impedimentia.

Merging auguries fuse in contagious love,
As a mandrake transducer resides in this
Archipelago of image and smoke. The limits
Begin to goad when the understanding
becomes an isthmus. Ellipsis has now
Become our totem of frayed depend ...

from *Rouge Aurora* (1994)

September drinking me as much as I it
The desolate echoes that are in us
Fall rouses as the mosaic of fate
The texture of autumn anticipates
This vertigo I have felt in Big Sur
The bewitchments of angular light
A cryptic apriori lies behind the shadows
By redeeming the reaches of failure
Gnostic vectors become the
Velocity of words in relation to all else
Instances of poetic ignition
Or teardrops of metaphoric effulgence?
By letting the dormant strangeness emerge
The future may be gained in greater measure
By fragments of the seasons lodged in
That flanged chisel of time
Running the beats & furls of the past
Be of the whirl & not the stanchion
Aboriginal praxis for the daily journey
Then narrations found at the twilight gate
Under cloud-suites like falcons carrying prairie fire

Recent Poems (2014)

The poems *Calibrating the Unsaid* and *Collage is Deliberate Ambiguity* initially appeared in *Chiron Review*.

When Space Dislikes You, Walking is Its Own Mythology,
and *Terra Gnomics* were first published in *Local Nomad*.

Acclaim Will Have to Wait and *Vernacular Hands* first appeared
in *Cricket Online Review*.

Street Level Mode

people living to extremes
while incubating their blue ruin

they struggle to gain some trajectory
while stuck in the daily mire on the streets

living through the best of the worst
with survival modes no longer tethered

through the hot whispers of summer's ozone
their one fingered salutes predominate

disowned citizens sit out the fermenting poverty
with too many broken years sent to the trash

wearing the bruises of roughed-up life &
the indignity of wrangling over stale foodstuffs

scavenged chunks of reality too large to swallow
deconstructing delusion is not possible here

The Art of Mortality

people fazed by delay,
then deaf to irony,
bereft of knowing,
or devoid of ideas;
hard to tell what is real,
and what is manipulated

plastic ontology has
its unhinged moments;
just add anxiety & then
you'll likely find existence;
this because life is where
the duration tends to slip

hopes languish like desolate treasures,
one tries hard to remain unfazed;
we now have become synthetic creatures
in the temporal threads of mythic minutes,
where happiness comes only in black and white,
& is bound by the ontic itch of limited life

Aurora Breaking

lusty with the dawn chorus
like being marooned
in an oasis of echoes

the wind out of the West
as the near consequence of fires
may ignite the ephemeral air

morning's fertile clouds
above the far fertile terrains
in a drenching of the senses

since we need beauty to live
any transformation occurs
by this continuing to walk on

Philistine Meal Ticket

the empire's going soft
as scandals rage & reign

the dead equity of the imperial
& its putrid smells of degradation

the villains now deploy to sing
the cadences of the deranged

these who provoke domestic disorder
captains of doom who plant the hoaxes

the piles of wounded filthy dollars
reflect various colors of cheating

high profile idiots, ambitiously inventive
sick with greed, tainted with fear

where the Ignorance Coefficient is high
& collateral disease is of no concern

selling contagion like it was desirable
agreements made in bitter shadows

to fund the absurd rhetoric of a dead empire only
because killing off the evidence is not successful?

When Space Dislikes You

backyard jitters manifest aplenty
as the grilling season approaches

it's tough having to listen to the retronauts
who won't stop their endless nostalgating:

"Yessir, they ran the numbers on him,
and sure enough, it was mighty grim"

sometimes one learns the hard way
about how & when space dislikes you

maybe the evidence will be viscerally hilarious,
or maybe akin to whatever lands on the front porch

& if one embraces the mundane hallucinations,
the entropic creep will certainly further any vexation

or by roughly doing a random psychogeography,
this should keep the circumstances fiercely valid

Acclaim will Have to Wait

for any ambitiously audacious language
perseverance may be the right principle
to get past any protracted inertial state

with purposeful proceeding by forethought
there's no time to clamor for dumb tributes

by cursing through the mundane barriers
by living through what cannot be unseen
creation sometimes occurs by happenstance

investing in what is intangible surely
weaves the cloth of a larger picture

Walking is its own Mythology

trodding through the hypnotic dust,
through the vague street subcultures,

under a late sky spiked with
slowly-released splendor,

tactical pedestrians lurch onward,
impetus fueled by strategic ebb & flow,

the rambling folk dressed in kinetic surprise,
these contradictions that walk the daily walk,

this might be where blur is the Zeitgeist,
and wayward feet groove the pavement

propelled by these barely braking strides,
surging steps taken towards omniscience,

this intrepid walking with long purpose
has a tendency to reshape the terrains

Terra Gnomics

through days littered with abandonment
through a wasted world of defiant plastic

life on these malleable terrascapes
beset by blowing sands, this serving
as a rocky rolling metaphor for time

geographic delusions usually occur most
unexpectedly in places without names

by a leveraging of the ancient ways
by a determining of the values of light
a proper regard for the sky is retained

fraught with so many Dirty World problems
the wounded waters still require nursing

along rubbled roads littered with obstacles
journeys are made by the ontological units,
past & through the relics of a dead empire

in this “quotidian tilt” peopled with gloaming,
are they who “Wait for the world to pass” (Camus)

Vernacular Hands

by the hand's cognition
this that reaches for yield
by continuous cold cadence

aligned with handed notes
using a Fibonacci rhythm
most symbolically laid bare

several modern myths performed
fiercely with hands of glory only to
validate the ephemeral gestures

the hands that implicate make
attempts to signal any relevance
that sparks the plethora of days

Indigenous Spit

mumbling through hot afternoons
indigents spit indigenously
while extending the local stay-put

street life is confrontational theatre
for those who defy the respectable
& who daily roll with the Jive Wheel

the carrying costs of survival
include gleaning spontaneous crumbs
into a spitbag of ontological wonder

leaning against the hot walls
these polite bums so full of reekage
exemplify their tenure on the streets

& while the earth suffers more spitting attacks
combining social molecules with crude local myopia
these street level doings provide a ridiculous side to life

Troubled Apparel

those who insist on wearing
tight hair and perfect smiles
or anxious hair & iconic lotion
or disruptive hair shot with token luxury

there are those who indicate a
dressing down for the Zeitgeist
or dressing down with a retro polyester swish
but not dressing up in second-hand flamboyance

the awful fragrance of celebrity moms
who wear a courant haute spex
& these serious clowns in designer suits so full
of Family Money that powers on the affluenza

& also observe how this affluenza
begets a fundamental nihilism
within this modern made-up epoch
with its further spirals into mediocrity

A Failure to Blur

the laggy perceptions being what they are
one is required to react in real-time
in various places perceived as fraught
anchoring the seen with the unseen

blur as rendered is denied motion
by any stoppage in time and space
in order to disclose the unclear image
concessions should not be made to form

but then, what is *behind* the images?
& why would there be such a lust for clarity?
as to where there should be a blurry crotch etc
there also occurs an optic flow that tricks the brain

the collective psyche is also full of blur
especially in this digitized ephemera epoch
hallucinatoryspiritsonlivecaminfullvideo.com
fresh random collisions will disrupt the physics

All Purpose Fool

lurching abruptly through the days
armed with an earnest procrastinating
where chance becomes the collaborator
& the cost of loitering keeps going up

any attempts to gain further integrity
are strategically done with “ironic detachment”
by stutter-stepping through the consolidated blur
the days of nothing never scripted by prior formula

some might say by achieving new lows
this allows one to keep adjusting the narrative
when saturated in & by transmundane routines
like running through mud just to stay in place

& there will be no sobbing over missing pieces
hidden on the sublime heights of the ridiculous
& any trouble with the tough self-promotions
must again proceed through this daily mire

Calibrating the Unsaid

as perhaps this must occur
when one tends to have an
appetite for labyrinths

or must proceed across
terrains that shape language
a chewing on failure if necessary

when operating in the margins
the common dark often upholds
vistas of panoramic light

with wisdoms etched in the dust
what lurks there and doesn't
in the coordinates of uncertainty

Collage is Deliberate Ambiguity

the brains of others
aghast at the chaos

unable to handle
any flotsam tapestry
or artifacts of irony

synthetic creatures are created
through fragments & facets
by mashing information
with many forms of paradox

deliberate flaws rife with allure
investing in salvage makes cents
when flourishing in the marginalia
just as one can throw lots of shade
when working in the long shadows

Transcendental Snark

the gambit of fools provoke epic misses in
this death of empire through misadventures

paying millions for invisible shadows
for stimulating the social deterioration

flirting with better failures and claimed improvement
mostly just to juice up a fashionable Zeitgeist

punching precious holes in the denial
snarky interventions are badly needed

now pre-qualified for financial disaster
‘this is like pounding sand with a hammer’

Skin

skin being our hope,
our jeopardy,
& our necessary boundary,
the necessities of repetitive hygiene
indicate the immediate need
for daily routine maintenance

when the sun-created blisters
& the lay about days tend to
be as gooey as the zinc oxide
that was formerly used,
then up ahead there will be
fresh ordeals with the wrinkles

since skin is the biomaterial that
bears residues of ancestral DNA,
or out-of-town skin w/ bacterial pedigree,
or propped-up boobs & talented buttocks,
this means dermagraphic battles are inclusive
for all those unafraid of public nudity

Spontaneous Rifts

since this writing is not done for atonement
or done because of retooling the shadows
the secret to success seems to be more intrepid failing
by moving though this age of designated clowns

certainly a striving for more than a three trick pony
fueled by better failings throughout the years
or as one follows only the inner lash
by a whole life done in standby mode

by consolidating the appropriate blurs
through feisty days of high maintenance poverty
through the dessicated days borne by
the etiquette of astute scavengers

riding out the new & improved challenges
by logging the many days of not knowing
by bootstrapping the Unreal one musters
through all spontaneous rifts that remain

Credible Grit

set down on the periphery of nowhere
while exiled in an ostensible paradise
when one is all out of options
one becomes more naked than most

going for the deep values
by ditching the mandatory rules
by not engaging those impervious to stupid
with a striving towards any authentic salt

fueling the struggle, advancing the days
by maintaining a tolerable hunger level
gleaning poetic thunder some days
other days even the texts get mangled

with boycotting the popular notions
one might turn around the lost years
fully aware of the risks of neuroticism
since anxiety can be such a hard mother

Doing Closure

changing the frame/perspective
by no longer carrying the heartache

nuances of misunderstanding
long past the heat of battle

guiding the forward motions
by shuffling the deck of life

no use extending the indecisions
only to gain an inch by losing a mile